LE
m1527c

Macintyre, Margaret A.

The cave boy of the
age of stone.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/caveboyofageofst00mcinuoft

THE CAVE BOY
OF THE AGE OF STONE

DAYS BEFORE HISTORY

By H. R. HALL

With a Preface by J. J. FINDLAY, M.A., Ph.D., *Professor of Education in the University of Manchester*

Crown 8vo. Fully Illustrated

This book deals with a stage of civilization later than that of *The Cave Boy*. The books together provide admirable material for a course of instruction on prehistoric times for elementary classes

Professor J. J. FINDLAY, M.A., writes in his Preface: "This story transplants the child to an epoch where men and women are themselves children—where the problems of life are the simple tasks of economic existence—food, shelter, clothing; it gives him a practical problem to achieve, to make pots for the food, to weave cloth for the tent; it gives him ideas for play, ideas that underlie all the great games in which mankind finds recreation. I heartily welcome *Days Before History* on our children's behalf."

Professor W. BOYD DAWKINS, D.Sc., F.R.S., author of *Early Man in Britain*, writes: "The story is excellent and true to the facts. . . . The book fills a gap in the history of Britain."

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE THRESHOLD OF HISTORY

With nearly Fifty Illustrations by NANCY SMITH

Crown 8vo, 160 pages. Prize Edition, Demy 8vo, with Plates in Colour

This volume follows the author's *Days before History*, and deals with the Bronze Age in the same interesting and realistic manner as has secured such a great success for the earlier book.

LE
M152.7c

THE CAVE BOY
OF THE AGE OF STONE
BY MARGARET A. McINTYRE

LONDON
GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO. LTD
3 PORTSMOUTH STREET KINGSWAY

157093.
8.11.20.

THE RIVERSIDE PRESS LIMITED, EDINBURGH
GREAT BRITAIN

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—Strongarm's Family	1
II.—The Needle, the Club, and the Bow	14
III.—The Taming of the Dog	26
IV.—How Strongarm Hunted a Bear and a Lion	33
V.—The Old Axe Maker Visits His Daughter	39
VI.—The Coming of Fire	45
VII.—The Cave Tiger	54
VIII.—The Making of Stone Weapons	59
IX.—At the Gravel Pit	67
X.—A Summer Camp	71
XI.—Thorn Meets the Children of the Shell Mounds	78

Contents

CHAPTER PAGE

XII.—At the Home of the Shell Mound People 86

XIII.—Thorn Learns to Swim 95

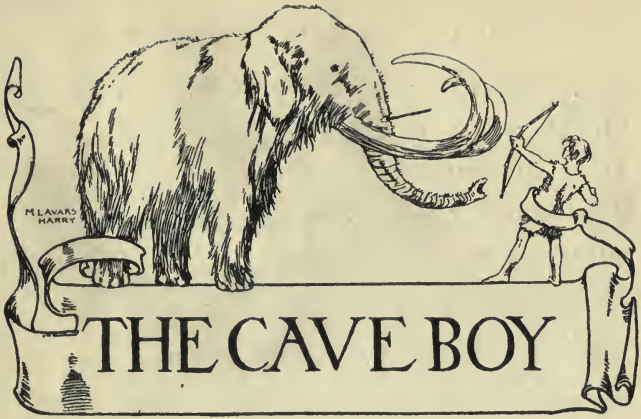
XIV.—The Feast of Mammoth's Meat . . . 100

XV.—A New Cave and a Bear Hunt . . . 112

XVI.—A Deer Hunt in the Snow . The End 121

APPENDIX 129

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS 145



CHAPTER I

STRONGARM'S FAMILY

It was spring, thousands of years ago. Little boys snatched the April violets, and with them painted purple stripes upon their arms and faces. Then they played that enemies came.

"Be afraid!" shouted one, frowning; and he stamped his foot and shook his fist at the play enemies.

"I am brave!" called the other; and he held his head high, and took big steps, and looked this way and that.

The little brothers were named Thorn and Pineknot. Their baby sister had no name. The children looked rough and wild and strong and glad. The sun had made them brown, the wind had tangled their hair. Their clothes were only bits of fox skin. Their home was the safe rock cave in the side of the hill.

Near the children a little goat was eating the sweet new grass. She was tied with a string made of skin. Thorn stroked her and, laughing, said,

"Let us put the baby on the goat's back and see her run."

"Oh, that would be fun!" cried Pineknot, and he ran and untied the goat.

Laughing, Thorn put the baby on the goat's back. The little fingers clung to the goat's hair.

Then Thorn struck the goat and shouted, "Run!"

The goat ran; the baby laughed; Pineknot

- THÉREMEAUX -

danced and clapped his hands. All at once, the goat stood up on her hind legs. The baby fell off, and rolled over and over on the ground. She cried out, though she was not hurt.

And the boys laughed and shouted till the woods rang.

After a while Pineknot thought of the goat; he had not tied her.

"Where is the little goat? Oh, there she is up among the rocks. She did not run away, Thorn."

"No," said Thorn, "she will not run away now, for we pet her and give her things to eat. Mother feeds her, too."

"Oh, but she was a wild one when father brought her home," said Pineknot. "Father killed the mother goat and caught the young one alive. He said that he would keep her at the cave. Then some day when he had killed nothing in the hunt, and we were hungry, he would kill the goat."

"We will ask father not to kill her, but let us keep her for a pet," said Thorn.

As the boys were talking, from far away through the forest came a big, merry song:

"The wild horse ran very fast,
But I ran faster!
The wild horse ran very fast,
But I ran faster!"

"It is father coming from the hunt," said Thorn, jumping to his feet.

"He is bringing wild horse meat. Good, good!" cried Pineknot.

Thorn threw the baby on his back, and together the boys ran into the forest to meet their father.

The forest—oh, it was beautiful! The trunks of the old trees were big and rough and mossy. And there were tall ferns and gray rocks and little brooks, and there was a sweet smell of fallen leaves.

"The wild horse ran very fast,
But I ran faster!"

still sang the young hunter, shaking his red hair gaily. He was not tall, but his legs were big, for he ran after the wild horse and deer and ox. And his arms were big, because he threw a great spear and a stone axe. His name was Strongarm.

The boys came running up to their father. They pointed to the meat on his shoulder, and laughed and shouted and clapped their hands.

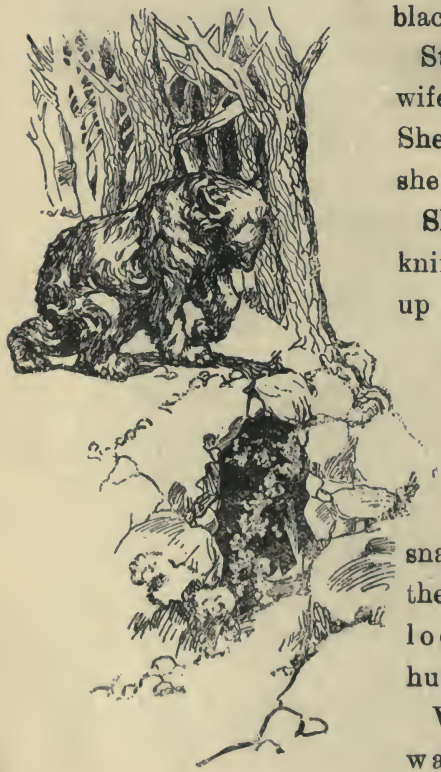
"We shall not go hungry to-day!
We shall not go hungry to-day!"

they sang as they danced along.

"Ho, ho, ho!" sang Strongarm to his wife, as he went into the cave. He threw the horse meat upon the floor with a loud laugh, and lay down on a bear skin to rest.

The cave was a big room with a high roof. The floor was of rock and very hard. The walls were limestone rock in beautiful rough layers, one upon another. From the roof the limestone hung in long pointed shapes, like icicles.

A fire burned brightly on the floor, while the smoke rose slowly and went out at a hole in the roof. The walls and the roof were blackened by smoke.



Strongarm's young wife was named Burr. She was glad when she saw the meat. She took her stone knife quickly and cut up the meat, and threw the pieces on the hot embers. While the fire blazed and snapped and cooked the meat, the boys looked on with hungry eyes.

When the meat was done, Burr

pulled it from the fire with a long stick. The boys and Strongarm snatched it up and tore it to pieces with their white teeth.

"Um-m! how good and tender and juicy!" said the boys, grinning, and smacking their lips. When the meat was all gone, the bones were broken and the sweet marrow scraped out and eaten; for that was good, too.

While the family was still eating, a big black bear came along. He smelt the meat, and put his great rough head in at the door and sniffed.

"Bear!" shouted Strongarm, jumping to his feet.

Burr and the boys cried out and quickly ran away to hide. Strongarm snatched a blazing log and struck the bear. He was burnt and hurt, and he grew angry. He stood up on his hind legs and growled and showed his sharp teeth.

Strongarm snatched his axe and made for the bear, but he had gone. His growls sounded

farther and farther away. Still Strongarm stood with his axe ready, his heart thumping and his eyes big. When he saw that the bear

was not coming back, he dropped his axe with a gruff laugh. Then Burr and the boys came creeping out of their holes. And they all

laughed and talked at once, telling how scared they had been.

The growls of the bear still sounded through the woods, so the boys ran to the door to see him.

"There he goes!" cried Pineknot with wide eyes, pointing.

"How big he is!" cried Thorn; "I shall make his picture."

Thorn ran back into the cave and quickly threw a pineknot on the fire. It blazed up and made all the cave light. He broke a piece of limestone from the wall and picked up a sharp stone from the floor. Then he sat down by the fire to make his picture of the bear. After a while he held up the piece of limestone with the picture scratched on it.

"O mother," said Pineknot, laughing loudly, "see Thorn's picture of the bear. It shows his big body and his long head and his little ears."

"That is the very bear that made us run," said Burr, laughing.

All this time Strongarm had been making a picture of wild horses. He now held up the picture, scratched on a piece of deer antler.

"See, this horse has his ears up," he said. "He heard me coming. Here I am with my spear."

Burr and the boys crowded round and said, "Oh!"

While Strongarm and the boys were making pictures, the baby had been tumbling about on the floor. She crept around, or pulled herself to her feet, by holding to the rough places in the wall. After a while she grew sleepy; then her mother took her in her arms and sang this song:

"Little child!
Little sweet one!
Little girl!
Though a baby,
Soon a-hunting after berries
Will be going.
Little girl!
Little sweet one!
Little child!"

The baby went to sleep, and Burr laid her on a bear skin on the floor. Soon afterwards Pineknot fell asleep on another skin, and in a little while Thorn lay beside him. Then Burr put ashes over the fire, while Strongarm threw burning logs before the door. Soon all was quiet in the cave. The cave folks had gone to sleep.

CHAPTER II

THE NEEDLE, THE CLUB, AND THE BOW

NEARLY every day Strongarm went out to hunt. But he did not always bring back meat to the cave, for he could not always kill an animal. But sometimes he brought home the meat of deer, and then again it was that of mammoth or ox.

Burr always took the meat when Strongarm brought it home, and sometimes she cut tendons from it. A tendon is a strong white cord that fastens a muscle to a bone. There are long tendons in the backs of big animals. Burr cut these out sometimes and hung them in the sun to dry. When they were dry, she broke the thin outside skin and tore the tendon apart with her fingers. It came to

pieces in many little threads. Burr took some of the little threads and twisted them together and made a good strong thread for sewing.

One day she sat before the door of her cave sewing together skins of wild oxen.

"What is the big skin for, mother?" asked Pineknot, who ran up.

"To lay on sticks above our door," said Burr. "Then, even when it rains, we can sit outside."

"Oh, that will be fine!" said the boy.

Burr went on with her sewing. She made holes along the edge of the skins with a sharp stone. Then she threaded her needle. She put it through a hole in each of the skins and pulled it tight. She worked on in this way and sewed the skins together.

"Where did you get the needle, mother?" Pineknot asked next, looking at it closely.

"I made it," said Burr. "When your father brings birds or deer from the hunt, I sometimes take a little bone from the leg of a deer or the wing of a bird. This I put in the cave to dry. When it is dry, I rub it smooth with sandstone. Then I must have a hole in one end to carry the thread. I take a sharp stone and turn it round and round on the little bone, pressing down. It is not hard work. In that way I make a smooth hole in my needle.

"But when my mother sewed," Burr went

on, "she used a little bone to push the thread through the skins. One day she found a little bone with a hole in it and took it home. She put her thread through the hole, wondering how it would do, and began to sew. Soon there was a crowd of women round her, pointing and saying, 'Oh, oh!' while the little bone carried the thread."

"It must be fun to sew with a needle," said Pineknot.

Thorn was near by making bone whistles and marrow scrapers, and soon Strongarm came up dragging a little tree. He threw down his old hunting club and said, "It is broken. I will make a new one."

With his stone axe he hacked off the top and roots of the tree; then he stripped the bark from the small end, and rubbed it with sandstone.

"It must be smooth or it will hurt my hand," he said to the boys, who stood watching him.

"In the old days," he said, rubbing away, "the cave men had nothing to fight with but a club. Before they had even that," he went on, grinning, "they fought with nails and teeth, or with a stick or a stone snatched from the ground." Then laughing loudly, he added, "No wonder that in the old days people lived in trees, and ran if they saw a wildcat."

"I should be sorry if you had nothing to hunt with but a club, father," said Pineknot, making a long face. "We should go hungry more often than we do now."

After they had gone into the cave, the boys began to play with the baby. In fun they pushed her into the room behind the one they lived in. She cried out, because she was scared at the darkness.

"How loud her voice sounds in there," said Thorn.

"What is the rest of the cave like, father?" asked Pineknot. "Is it very big?"

"Yes, it goes far back into the hill," said

Strongarm. "I have never been to the end of it, myself."

"Show it to us, father," said Thorn; and he ran to get a burning knot.

Strongarm took the torch and led the way into the next room. He held the torch up high. The light looked small and dim in the darkness of the big room. They went on and came to room after room, and to long halls.

Some places were narrow and low, so that they had to crawl on hands and knees to get through; and all the walls and floors were wet and slippery.

Everywhere in the cave the limestone showed beautiful rough layers. In all the rooms long pointed rocks hung from the roof or stood up from the floor. Water dripped from each pointed rock above, and fell on the pointed rock just beneath. In many places two pointed rocks touched each other and formed a great, rough, beautiful pillar. In some of the rooms

the walls and pillars were lovely and white, glistening in the torch light.

The boys looked at all these things in wonder.

When at last they had come back to their own room, Pineknot asked, "Father, what is the water that we heard trickling in the cave?"

"It is a stream. It used to come down through that hole," said Strongarm, pointing to the smoke-hole. "But afterwards it went down another way."

He sat thinking for a while. Then he said, "When I fought with the other young hunters and carried off your mother, I wanted a cave to bring her to. I came to look at this one. Bears were living here then. But one evening while they were all away, I came in and made a fire at the door."

Strongarm laughed loudly and long, and the rest laughed to hear him.

"Since then the cave has been mine," he went on. "Well, you should have seen the

floor! It was covered with old bones that the bears had brought in to gnaw. I threw them all out and broke off the rocks that stood up from the floor. That gave more room. Then I brought your mother here."

"It has made us a good safe home," said Burr, nodding her head.

After a while Thorn jumped up and said, "I want some honey."

He took a burning stick from the fire and ran out. He walked through the forest and looked and listened. At last he saw bees go into a hole in a hollow tree.

"Here is my bee tree!" he cried, waving his torch.

Bees were in a swarm about the hole, crawling over each other, and going in and coming out. Thorn could hear them humming from where he stood. He swung his torch from his arm; then, hand over hand, up the tree he went.

When he came to the bees' nest, he threw

his leg over a branch. He swung the smoking stick backward and forward. The bees flew off, buzzing angrily. Thorn quickly broke off the yellow honeycombs and put them into his

bag. Then down the tree he slid, followed by the angry bees.

"Oh, oh, oh!" he cried, as he ran like a deer.

When he went into the cave with the wild honey, the baby held out her little hands. He gave her some and said, "You are sweet. You are honey."

So the baby came to be called Honey.

At evening, the boys went out into the woods to set the traps. A beautiful mother deer and her fawn were drinking at a brook. Frogs were croaking on the edge of the pond, and birds were singing their low, sweet evening songs.

The little hunters went straight on from trap to trap. But they found neither fox, nor wolf, nor wildcat, in any of them. They were sorry. One trap was sprung.

"Something has been here, and the meat is gone," said Pineknot. "We must set the trap again."

Thorn quickly bent down a little willow, and tied a string to the top. Then he raised one end of a big rock and put a loop of the string around it.

Pineknot was busy setting a trigger under the rock. All this time, Thorn stood by, playing with the string, pulling it and letting it go, pulling and letting go.

"Listen," he said, "it sings like the wind."

Pineknot had a stick in his hand, and for fun, set it against the string. When Thorn let the string go, the stick was shot out of Pineknot's hand, and against his bare body. He yelled, and Thorn opened his eyes in wonder.

Pineknot rubbed the place, but picked up the stick, stood aside, and set it as before. Then he said, "Do that again."

Thorn did it again, and the stick flew

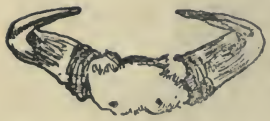
among the trees. Over and over again they tried it, and every time the flying string threw the stick.

"Now," said Thorn, "I shall bend a little branch as that tree was bent, and I shall tie a string to the ends."

He did so; and all the way home he kept shooting with his little bow, and wondering about it.

CHAPTER III

THE TAMING OF THE DOG



EARLY one morning Strongarm went out to hunt. Cattle with wild eyes were eating grass on the edge of the wood. Strongarm dropped to his knees and slowly, carefully, crawled through the bushes toward them.

"Just a little nearer, and I will throw my spear!" he thought.

A dry branch snapped beneath him!

The wild cattle threw up their heads, and with a scurry of feet were soon lost to sight.

Frowning, the hunter got up from his knees and walked on. He saw a herd of mammoths, but he could not kill one of these big

hairy elephants alone, so he turned away. He hunted all day long. He saw plenty of wild animals, but he could not get near enough to kill one. He saw wild ducks and grouse, but he had not brought his sling.

"Must I go hungry to-day?" he growled, frowning.

From far off came the yelping of dogs.

"The pack is hunting!" he shouted, with a roaring laugh. "I will follow the wild dogs and take some of the meat they leave!"

Led by the sounds, he found the dogs running down a deer. They followed it until it was too tired to fight, and then pulled it down and killed it. They ate all the meat they wanted and went away. Then Strongarm cut meat from the deer.

On his way home he saw a nest of wild puppies in a hollow tree.

"Um," he grunted, "the little wild goat that the children play with is quiet and tame. If a wild puppy grew up with them,

would it be tame? Would it help me to hunt?"

He picked up a puppy. When he got home, he dropped the little ball of soft black wool between the two boys lying on a bear skin.

Then there were merry eyes, laughs, and soft calls:

"Here, little pet!"—and, "Oh, the little sharp teeth!"

At last a tired little ball fell asleep in brown arms.

The puppy grew fast and was full of play. He followed the boys everywhere, and they called him "Wow wow."

One day they were playing by the high rock, when the puppy saw something in the woods and ran after it.

Pineknot called to him, "Come here, Wow wow!"

And the call came back from the rock. "Wow wow!"

"Oh, hear my talking shadow, brother," said Pineknot.

"Yes," said Thorn, laughing, "let us talk a while with our talking shadows."

So they lay down on the ground and began to call.

"Ho, there!" called Thorn.

"Ho, there!" came back from the rock.

"Come here, talking shadow."

"Shadow," was the answer.

"We want to see you," called the boys.

"See you," said the echo.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the boys.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the talking shadow.

That evening Pineknot came running to the cave, calling, "O Thorn, I was coming along on the high rock, and I heard little cries. I crawled through the bushes and looked over and saw a nest full of young eagles. They were skinny and had no feathers on their bodies. The nest was made of sticks; and oh, it was big, and there were a lot of feathers in it!"

Pineknot stopped for breath.

"Go on, go on," said Thorn, "tell more."

"As I looked, a shadow bird went over the rock," said Pineknot; "and then down dropped the mother eagle with a snake in her claws."

"Oh," cried Thorn, "I wish I had seen it."

"The young eagles held their mouths open,"

Pineknot went on, "and their mother fed them with the snake, a little bit at a time. When the snake was all gone, the mother eagle waved her big wings and flew away. Then the young ones' heads fell down. They were asleep."

A day or two after that, Thorn came into the cave with an eagle's feather in his hand. And there were long red

cuts and scratches on his body. His father looked at him with a scowl.

"Men bring meat from the hunt, not feathers," he said roughly.

The boy looked shamefaced; his mother felt sorry for him. She said to herself, "He has been to see the young eagles. The mother eagle saw him. He fought her alone with his little stone axe. He will be a great hunter!"

She looked at him proudly, and put cold water on the little torn body.

"Gr-r-r," growled Strongarm, scowling. "Would you make a baby of the boy? A fight is good for him. He will learn to make his way."

CHAPTER IV

HOW STRONGARM HUNTED A BEAR AND A LION

In those days Strongarm was busily digging a big hole some way out in the forest. He cut the mould up with his stone axe, and scooped it out with a shell. He had worked now for days, and at last the hole was large and deep enough. He laid branches over it, and over the branches he hung the leg of a wild goat.

That night the wild things of the woods came out to hunt for food. A cave bear passed by and smelt the meat. He went to get it and fell through the branches into the hole beneath.

The next day when Strongarm came to the hole, he found the great cave bear in it. He

killed the bear and carried the meat home to eat, and he took the skin also to sleep on.

Burr took the bear skin from him and laid it out on the ground. She drove sticks down through the edges, all the while pulling the

skin tight. Then with her stone scraper, she scraped off all the meat and fat. She left the skin stretched on the ground, and thought, "It will dry there, and another day I will scrape it again. Then it will be good and soft to sleep on."

She looked up as a man came running toward the cave.

"Oho, Hickory!" called Strongarm, "what is it?"

"A lion hunt!" shouted Hickory, and shook his spear.

Strongarm's bold face lighted up.

"Tell about it," he said.

"A lion has come among the caves by the river. He kills the people and carries off the children. The women dare not go to the river for water. The men are afraid to go alone to hunt. So they want help to kill the lion. They want all the strong men and the good hunters. They have sent for you."

Strongarm quickly took his club and spear and went off with old Hickory. The men went over two hills and across a stream, and came to Hickory's cave. There other men joined them. All the men had clubs and spears and stone axes. They went together

toward the river caves. They found the lion and killed it.

Strongarm came home after some days, bringing lion's meat. Burr cooked it, and Strongarm said to the boys, "Eat, it will make you brave."

After a while Strongarm sat down and made a hole in a lion's tooth. Then he took off his necklace. It was made of shells and bears' claws and a tiger's tooth and a bit of amber. He put the lion's tooth on his necklace and held it up and looked at it and said, "Men will see that and say, 'There is a brave man. There is a good hunter. He has helped to kill a lion.'"

The boys stood by, watching. Thorn pointed to the tiger's tooth.

"How long and sharp it is! I never saw a tiger."

"You never want to see one, unless you are where he cannot see you," laughed Strongarm.

"Tell us about the lion hunt, father," begged Pineknot.

"We watched the lion for days," said Strongarm. "We found that he slept nearly all day in the thick reeds by the river. At evening he went out to hunt. He hunted all night; we heard him roar at times. In the early light he went back to his bed of reeds by the river, and went to sleep. We rolled a big stone from a high rock and killed him while he slept. Then we went down to where he lay. We saw that he was an old lion; he could not hunt animals enough to eat, and that is why he had begun to kill people."

CHAPTER V

THE OLD AXE MAKER VISITS HIS DAUGHTER

As they were talking, a long call came from far away. They listened. The call came again, and Strongarm put his hands to his mouth and answered.

"It is old Flint, the axe maker," he said to his wife.

"Grandfather!" cried the boys, and they ran to meet him.

Soon they came back with an old man. His hair was rough and gray, but his eyes were bright under his bushy eyebrows. He wore an old brown bear skin.

"Ho, man!" called Strongarm, "come in!"

"Sit and rest, father," Burr said.

The old man sat down on the root of a tree.

Burr brought him meat and wild honey and a horn of water.

"Eat, you are tired and hungry."

The old man ate all he wanted. Then he began to talk. He told about his wife, and the work at the stone yard and the gravel bed, and of the men who had come from far away to buy his axes.

The boys stood by and listened.

After some time Burr looked at the bag on the old man's shoulder.

"Have you a new axe in there for me?" she asked with a little laugh.

Smiles came about the old man's mouth, and he slowly pulled four beautiful chipped axes from his bag. One axe was big and heavy. That was for Strongarm. He handed it to him. Another axe was small and light. That was Burr's. She put out her hand for it. There were two little axes. These the boys snatched with shouts of joy.

The axes were wide at the sharp end and

narrow at the head, and you could see where every chip had come off.

Strongarm turned his axe over and looked at it. He rubbed his fingers along the rough sharp edge.

"That is a good axe," he said, and he held it up and looked it all over again.

"Grandfather," said Thorn, pressing close to the old man's side, "when I am a man, I shall be an axe maker like you."

"Begin now," said his grandfather, with a gruff laugh. "It takes a long time to learn to make a good axe."

"Can anybody learn?" asked Pineknot.

"No," said Flint. "Some men can chip stone, and others cannot. That is why some men make axes, and other men use them."

"Well, I will try," said Thorn. "When you go back to the stone yard, I will go with you."

Strongarm turned round where he sat and pulled up a little tree. "We will put handles to these axes," he said.

He hacked off a piece of the little tree and split it half way down, and hacked off one split piece. The other split piece he bent around his axe. Then he took wet string made of skin. This he wound round and round the axe handle, and pulled it tight.

The boys stood by watching.

"The wet string will shrink and draw up short," their father told them. "Then the axe will be very tight on the handle."

The boys now tied their axes to handles with their father's help. And Flint tied Burr's. Then all set to work with sandstone pebbles and rubbed them smooth. Strongarm's was soon done. He threw his old axe away, stuck his new one in the string around his waist, and went off to hunt.

Burr took her digging stick from beside her door and hacked a point on it with her new axe. Then she burned the point in the fire until it was hard. She took a basket in her hand, and her baby on her back, and went out of the cave. Old Flint and the boys rolled a stone up to the door to keep out wolves and foxes. Then they all went into the woods, and Burr began looking for things to eat.

She found a root and pushed it out of the ground with her digging stick and threw it into her basket. Then she found roots of wild carrots and celery. In the open places, tall grasses grew. They were the wild grains. These she bent over and beat with a stick until the ripe seeds fell into her basket. Under the oak trees she gathered acorns.

Little wild pigs were there eating the acorns, and the boys ran one down and brought it, squealing, to their mother. Burr laughed and said, "You are little men. You will soon hunt for yourselves."

It began to rain, and they all sat under a tree until the rain had passed.

CHAPTER VI

THE COMING OF FIRE

When Strongarm came back from the hunt he found the cave cold and dark and wet. A stream of water was running down through the smoke-hole. It had put out the fire. The ashes, too, were wet; and there were no coals from which to start the fire again.

He looked at the black fire-place.

"Now I must walk all the way to old Hickory's for fire," he grumbled; "and it is growing dark."

Tired and hungry, he left the cave.

He had not gone far when a dead branch fell across his path. He jumped back.

"The people who live in the trees did that—some of those shadow people," he said to

himself. "They tried to kill me. The man who lives in the wind is angry, too. Hear him roar!

"I do not like shadow people," he thought as he walked on. "They live in trees and wind and rivers and fire and stones and everything, but you cannot see them. They will hurt you if you make them angry. I am afraid of them. I wish I had a torch to scare them off. All the other shadow people are afraid of the fire man."

Then to keep up his heart he sang in a loud gruff voice:

> "O why did the water put out the fire?
> O why did the water put out the fire?"

Strongarm gave a loud call as he came up to Hickory's cave. The old man came to the door and asked what the trouble was.

"Trouble enough," growled Strongarm. "My fire is out. I came for a brand."

Old Hickory gave a great roaring laugh. His

wife laughed, too, as she pushed the children aside and raked out live ashes. These she put into a hollow branch that Strongarm handed her.

"They will keep alive in there," he said, "even if it rains."

Then with a good pine torch and his branch full of the ashes, he hurried home.

When Burr came back to the cave, she, too, found the fire out. There was a deer on the floor, so she knew that Strongarm had come from the hunt.

"The man has gone to old Hickory's for fire," she told her father.

"Um," said Flint, "he might have rested his legs. I can get fire from stones."

"From stones!" cried Burr, her face white.

The old man quietly pulled two stones from his bag. One was flint, the other was quartz. He took dry leaves from his bag and rubbed them very fine between his hands and laid them on a rock. Over the leaves he held the

two stones and began to strike one with the other.

Burr and the boys watched with scared faces.

"The fire man—will he not be angry?" she asked.

Flint said nothing. He was striking the stones together. A spark came! then another and another! He kept on striking very fast until the sparks came like a flame and caught the dry leaves. He put on more leaves and little sticks, and soon there was a good fire blazing on the floor.

"From stones!" Burr kept thinking, as she shook her head and watched it out of the corner of her eye.

When Strongarm came with the live ashes, the cave was already warm and light and full of the smell of good things cooking. He looked at the fire and wondered where it had come from, but said nothing.

Near the fire his wife had a basket lined with clay. In it were the seeds of the wild grains and acorns, with hot ashes. She shook the basket around and around until the seeds were roasted. Then from the ashes she pulled the roots she had put there to roast.

After Strongarm had eaten, he lay down by the fire. Nodding toward it he said, "Where did you get it?"

Flint then told him that he had brought it out of stones. Strongarm sat up and looked hard at Flint. Then Flint had to strike the stones together again, to let Strongarm see the fire come out.

"Beaver Tail, an old axe maker, showed me how to do it," said Flint. "He has worked in stone all his life. For a long time he had known that fire lives in stone. He had seen sparks fly as he chipped his axes. One day in making a spear head, he struck a quartz pebble with his flint hammer stcne. A big spark

came! He struck again and again, and the sparks came fast and set fire to the dry grass at his feet!"

"Um," grunted Strongarm, wondering.

He thought for a long time; then he looked at Flint and said, "Fire lives in wood, too! My axe handles grow warm as I rub them."

The boys listened in wonder to their grandfather's strange story of the making of fire.

After a time Thorn said, "We have always had fire in the cave. All the cave folks have it. They did not bring it from stones. Where did they get it?"

"Once, in the old days," Strongarm said, and turned to the boy, "a man saw fire come out of the sky and begin to eat up the woods! He could feel the fire from where he stood. It made him warm, and he liked it. But he was afraid to take any, for he thought the fire man might be angry. But at last he did take some. He kept it, and grew to like it more and more. With it burning beside him, the night was not so dark, and he was not afraid; for the hungry wolf and tiger turned away—teeth and claws could not fight fire!

"The other men saw that it was good to have fire; so, in time, they took some of it. And ever since then every man has tried to keep his fire burning."

"It is better for us cave folks since fire came," Burr then said, nodding to the boys. "Why, before it came, there was no cooked meat, nor were there any sweet roasted seeds or roots. But the folks tore their meat from the animal where it was killed, and stood by and ate it raw.

"Nor was there a home before fire came. My grandmother told me that, long ago, in the old days, the men and women wandered from place to place with their little children. And the women hunted and fished and fought beside the men. And at night the people curled themselves round as the wild dogs do, and slept on the ground or

in the trees; and the rain wetted them, and the cold winds made them shiver.

"But after fire came, all this was changed. For the fire would go out unless there was some one to keep it. So a man told his wife that she might stay and keep the fire, and said that he would hunt for both.

"The woman then took a place that she liked, near a stream, and built a shelter of branches and made her fire there and kept it. And the man brought meat to her, and she cooked it. And before very long all the people were living in that way. And so ever since that time, the man has been the hunter, and the woman has kept the fire and brought water from the stream and gathered seeds of the ripe grasses.

"And always since then, too, the family place has been about the fire. We sit beside it and warm ourselves and work and talk and rest; and that is home."

"True, true," grunted old Flint; and Strongarm nodded his head.

CHAPTER VII

THE CAVE TIGER

One morning not long after the lion hunt, Thorn and his grandfather started off to the stone yard. They soon came to the deep forest where they could not see far ahead of them, because the beeches and oaks and chestnuts grew close together, and under the branches there was a thick tangle of low bushes.

Old Flint watched carefully as he led the way through the woods. He listened to every sound, and looked often behind him. Farther along, the ground was more open; and from a hill they looked far away over wide level land. Herds of horses were grazing there, and packs of wolves skulked through the edge

of the forest. They waited to spring upon the animals that should stray from the herds.

Passing on, old Flint came upon the body of a rhinoceros partly eaten, and he stopped and looked anxiously around.

"This is the work of a tiger," he said; "and he cannot be far off, for the meat is fresh."

Flint peered through the bushes; but the tiger was not in sight, so he quickly cut meat from the rhinoceros and walked on slowly.

"The tiger may be somewhere near, sleeping. Keep a sharp look-out, boy; he is yellow with dark stripes, just the colour of the dry grass, and you can walk almost upon him before you see him. No animal can hide better than he, and none can walk the forest paths with less noise because of his padded feet."

They had not gone much farther when old Flint stopped and, catching his breath, stared into the shadows of a tree. Clutching Thorn's shoulder, he pointed to the spot without saying a word. There on a limb, asleep, beautiful in

his tawny skin and easy grace, lay the great animal. Thorn looked while his heart beat fast. Never before had he seen anything that so held his eye. He would have liked to stay

and watch him—to see him walk, to see his great claws and teeth, and his wild eyes. But Flint hurried him off, and without a sound they left the place. Not till he had put miles between himself and the tiger did Flint shake

off a feeling of terror, and speak in answer to Thorn's question:

"How does the tiger get things to eat?"

"He steals to the river bank where the shade is deepest," said the old man, recalling many a sight of the crouching beast. "There, on some over-hanging limb or rock, he waits for deer or horse or any other animal to come to drink. Then from his hiding place, with an angry snarl, he springs upon the back of his prey.

"Oh, many a time I have seen him," continued old Flint, thinking of past years; "for when I was a boy, my father's cave was in a high cliff, close to the river. A little way below, there was a place where the animals came to drink. And often I have felt the hair rise on my head as I heard the cry of some wounded animal, and saw it rush away with a yellow patch clinging to its neck.

"I have a tiger's jaw which I found once long ago. You may see it some time. Then

you will know why the tiger can kill the rhinoceros, whose thick skin no other animal's teeth can pierce. In the tiger's upper jaw, there are two teeth that are long and sharp and thin. The tiger thrusts these into the neck of the rhinoceros, and he sinks to the ground, and the tiger feeds upon him."

"You say the tiger springs upon the back of the rhinoceros. Well, what would happen if he should miss, and not land on the back?" asked Thorn.

"In that case he would very likely have but a short time to live," said Flint. "For the rhinoceros is a furious beast when angry. If he gets his terrible two-horned snout under the body of his enemy and gives an upward fling of his powerful neck, the end is near. So fierce is the rhinoceros when angry, that even the mammoth is afraid of him and keeps out of his way."

CHAPTER VIII

THE MAKING OF STONE WEAPONS

THORN and his grandfather walked for a long time, but at last Flint pointed to a cave in the side of the hill and said, "We rest there."

As they came up, Thorn saw his grandmother sitting in the sun at her door. Flint said to her, "Here is Thorn, your grandson."

"The little man!" she said, and laid her rough hand on his shoulder gently.

Then she quickly cut off big pieces of the rhinoceros meat and ran a long stick through them, and placed the stick over the burning fire. While the meat was cooking, Flint was telling about Burr and her little family; and of Strongarm's surprise at the making of fire;

and of the lion hunt; and of the sleeping tiger they had seen on the way home.

After the hungry man and boy had eaten great pieces of the roasted meat, they went to the stone yard. There Thorn heard the sound of stone hammers and saw a big rocky place in the hillside. Three men sat on the ground at work. Other men sat about talking. Pointing to these, Flint said, "They are waiting to buy axes."

There were piles of boulders on the ground, and little piles of stone chips around each axe maker.

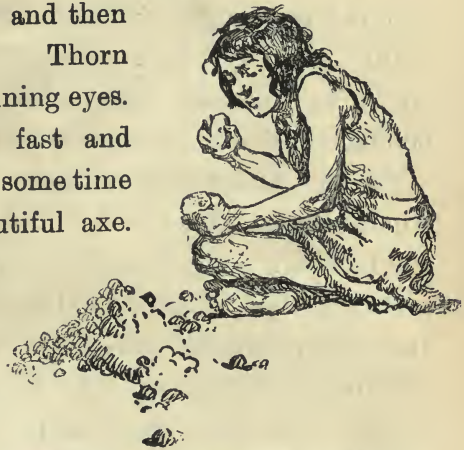
Flint went up to one of them and said, "Redtop, my boy wants to make axes. Show him how."

Redtop grinned at Thorn, and threw him a smooth oval boulder.

"That is your hammer stone," he said. "Now take a stone about the size you want your axe, and chip it this way."

Redtop sat on the ground. He held a flint

boulder and began chipping it with his hammer stone. Every time he struck the boulder, a chip flew off. He kept on striking, first on one side and then on the other. Thorn watched with shining eyes. Redtop worked fast and easily, and after some time held up a beautiful axe. It was broad at the sharp end and narrow at the head. Thorn saw the little places all over it where the chips had come off.



He looked at it and laughed, and then sat down and tried to do what Redtop had done. He struck with his hammer stone, but the boulder did not chip. He worked on and on, for a very, very long time. Still the boulder would not chip, and his arm was ready to drop off.

At last Redtop said, "Enough for to-day! You will do."

Thorn threw down his stones with a shout and ran to his grandfather.

Old Flint sat at work under a big beech tree. At his side there was a little pile of boulders, and about him there were chips of flint.

"Well," he said, as he looked up at the boy, "how is stone work?"

"It is not so easy as it looks, and it makes my arm hurt," said the boy soberly; "but Redtop said that I would do."

"Um," grunted the old man with an unsmiling face, the while laughing to himself.

He worked on. After a time he said, "The little thing you shoot with, your bow—did you bring it?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, I will make a little stone head for the stick."

"Good, grandfather!" said Thorn, clapping his hands.

Flint took a pebble from the pile and struck it with his hammer stone. It did not chip in the right way, so he threw it on the chip pile. He struck another. That was too soft; he threw that away. He tried many pebbles before he found a good one.

"This will do," he said at last. "The chip leaves a slight rounding hollow like the inside of my hand."

Then he began to work. He held the pebble in his left hand and struck it a sharp blow with another pebble. He went on striking, round and round the pebble, taking off a flake or a big chip at every blow. At last the part of the pebble left was too small to work with any more. It was the core; he threw it away.

"We chip axes by striking," he then said to the young axe maker. "That way of chipping is good enough for axes; they are heavy and have, besides, the weight of the arm to carry the blow. With spear heads it is different; a spear is thrown, and the head should be sharp.

I can get a smaller chip, and so a sharper edge, by pressing than by striking; so I chip my spear heads by pressure."

He laid a little piece of deer skin in his left

hand. On this he laid one of the flakes he had just broken from the pebble, and held it fast with his fingers. Then he took a piece of deer antler.

"This antler," he said, "is soft enough to spring a little when I press it against the pebble. Yet it is hard enough to bring off a chip."

He began pressing with the antler along the edge of the flake. He pressed very hard; and every time he pressed, a little chip flew off. He worked very fast.

"I must not let a hump come in the middle," he said; "for then I should have a turtle back Look on that chip pile; you will see many turtle backs that I have thrown away."

The old man was making the point now, and he began to sing:

"I give you the eye of the eagle,
To find the rabbit's heart!
I give you the eye of the eagle,
To find the rabbit's heart!"

As Thorn listened, and caught the meaning of the song, his eyes grew bright and he held his head high.

"Grandfather hopes that I will hunt with the little bow and spear!" he said to himself.

He was very glad. He began to dance and clap his hands in time with the old man's song. Then he caught the words and began to sing with his grandfather:

"I give you the eye of the eagle,
To find the rabbit's heart!
I give you the eye of the eagle,
To find the rabbit's heart!"

Before long the little spear head was done. It was thin and sharp and beautiful. Thorn tied it to the little straight stick, and he had an arrow for his bow!

Flint worked on.

"We make all of our axes and spear heads and knives and scrapers of flint," he said after a while. "It chips more easily than any other stone."

After some time Flint and the boy left the stone yard.

CHAPTER IX

AT THE GRAVEL PIT

As they walked along, the old man pointed to a place in the hillside and said, "That is the gravel bed. From it we dig all the stone for our axes and spear heads."

Thorn looked and saw a big hollow in a gravel hill. The hill was made of sand and clay, pebbles and boulders. The rain had washed some of the sand and clay away, and the stones had fallen down and now lay in heaps on the ground.

"Men come from far away for our stone," the old man went on. "It is good stone for axes. They bring us shells, amber, meat and skins in exchange for our stone. Some of them take the stone to their homes and make their own axes; others buy our axes."

At the gravel bed, men were at work. One man had a big digging stick. He put it under a rock and pushed it out of the ground. Another man had the shoulder bone of a bear. He pushed it under some pebbles and lifted them and threw them upon an ox skin on the ground. Then he gathered up the corners of the skin, took it on his back, and carried it down to the stone yard.

As Thorn watched the men getting out stone for their axes and spear heads, he said to his grandfather, "Who made the axes for the cave men before you made them?"

"Oh, ever since the old days," said Flint, "there has been an axe maker. Some men can chip stone well and easily. Others can never learn to do it in their whole lives. So the men who can chip stone do it; and they are the axe makers. The other men use the axes, and they are the hunters.

"My grandfather told me," said Flint, as he walked slowly down the hill, "that in the

old days the cave men did not have stone axes and spears. They hunted with sticks; they threw a stick like your motner's digging

stick; and they struck with a stick like your father's hunting club. And they used the sharp stones they chipped for knives and scrapers only. But one day, a man thought about

tying a sharp stone to a stick! There, you see, was the first spear!

"That was a great day for the cave men!" Flint went on, while his grim face lighted up. "For with a stone weapon they could hunt the swift wild animals, and so get more food."

Then he stamped his foot and said, "And they could kill enemies better!" And he clenched his fist, while his face grew hard.

The next day, men from the stone yard went out to make a fish trap. They drove sticks across the river bed where the water was low. Then from stick to stick they tied string made of skin. Rushes grew by the river. They took these and wove them in and out of the strings until the trap reached clear across the river. The water could go through the rushes, but the fish could not; and the men speared them or caught them with their hands.

CHAPTER X

A SUMMER CAMP

BERRIES were ripe now, and Flint and the other cave people around him left their caves

and went to live near the berry fields. The men went out to hunt early next morning,

and the women and children went to pick berries.

There were plenty of wild blackberries and little yellow plums. The women and children

ate and ate the sweet fruit, and then filled bags and baskets to carry home.

And there were trees full of little green apples. The children tasted some of them, but threw them away. "Too sour!" they cried.

When day came to an end, the men gathered sticks and lighted the night fires. Then they threw themselves on skins, and all talked together. They called to each other from fire to fire, and told long stories till far into the night. At last, in the middle of a story, they dropped off to sleep.

Half asleep on his reindeer skin beside his grandfather, Thorn saw the old yellow moon go down. Around him he heard the noises of the great forest, and from far away came the long howls of wolves. From a branch overhead a great snowy owl kept calling to his mate. That was the last the boy knew till the sun lighted up the tree tops.

The next evening it rained. The women

quickly bent little trees over and tied their tops together and threw skins over them. Then

they sat on the ground under the shelters and laughed and talked and watched the rain. Some of the women made baskets.

One woman had an elm branch. She broke off the rough outside bark to get the soft inside bark. This she pulled off in strips and twisted

together into long strings. Then she broke little branches from the tree bending over her, and tied them together at one end. With two pieces of string, she wove under and over a stick and crossed the strings. In this way she

wove around and around the basket to the top, and tied a stick for a handle.

"I will place leaves in it, and then it will hold berries," she said.

One woman was making a bag of a bit of skin. She made holes near the edge of the skin

and put a string through them and pulled them together. Another woman made a basket of birch bark in the same way.

One day when the berries were nearly gone, Thorn saw a great herd of reindeer going by.

"Oh, look at all the reindeer, grandfather!" he cried. "Where are they going?"

"When summer comes," said Flint, "they go to a colder country; and when summer ends, they come back to the cave country."

There were many reindeer in the herd, and their antlers looked like a forest of trees without leaves. A big bear with hungry eyes was following the herd.

That evening a young hunter made a picture of a beautiful reindeer with his head among

the grasses. Another hunter made a picture of two deer that he had killed, and two live deer. Still another man made a handle for a knife. He carved it from bone. It was like a deer springing. The antlers were laid back on the neck, and the front legs were turned under the body; the hind legs lay along the handle.

"Good!" said the other men as they looked at it.

CHAPTER XI

THORN MEETS THE CHILDREN OF THE SHELL MOUNDS

Every day Thorn worked for a little while at the chipping of stone axes, but he had plenty of time for play. One morning he ran to the river and jumped on his raft.

"Ha!" he said, "my other self jumped the stream with me. And now it leans over a shadow raft and reaches for a shadow pole."

He looked about him. On the grass lay the long shadows of the trees. In the clear water were the pictured banks.

"Everything has another self," he thought.

As he grew busy with his bow, he heard loud talking, and looked up and saw strange men and children coming along the other bank.

"The men are coming to buy axes," he thought. "The children have come along with them."

The men jumped into the river and swam across and went to the stone yard. But the children came swimming up around the raft like wild ducks. Some of them had long hair that floated about on the water.

"Are you Thorn, the cave boy?" one of them asked him.

"Yes, who are you?"

"I am Clam, a shell mound boy."

Then the children came up around the raft and shook it so that Thorn almost fell off.

"Stop, or I will shoot you!" he cried, laughing.

"Oh, he will shoot us!" cried the children, and they hid behind one another, pretending they were afraid.

"Is that your bow?" Clam now asked "We heard about it. Shoot for us."

"Yes," said Thorn.

He began to paddle to the bank, but the children crowded around the raft and quickly pushed it to shore. Thorn jumped off and began to shoot at the trees. The children went along with him and watched with big eyes. One of the arrows struck a tree and stuck in the bark. The children laughed and ran and pulled it out.

"Do that again!" they cried.

Thorn did it again to shouts and the clapping of hands. Then a boy named Periwinkle threw up a piece of bark and cried, "Hit that!"

Thorn tried over and over again, but he could not. At last he grew tired of shooting. Then the children crowded round him, and Clam said, "Come home with us. Show your bow to the other children."

"How can I get there?" Thorn asked.

"Swim across the river, then walk."

"I cannot swim."

The children laughed and thought that very

strange, but Periwinkle said, "Well, we will push you on the raft."

"Yes, yes!" cried the other children.

So Thorn told his grandfather that he was going home with the shell mound people. And

when the men had bought their axes, the children all ran down to the river together.

Some of the boys quickly tied a thong to the raft. Then they cried, "Here we go!" and dived into the river and swam away, pulling the raft. Laughing and shouting and splashing, the others jumped in and followed. They came up alongside the raft and pushed it with one hand and swam with the other.

Before long, all the children on one side of the raft shouted and waved their arms and dived. They came up on the other side of the raft. Then the rest of the children dived and came up far ahead of the raft. Thorn looked on in wonder. As they came near the other bank, the girls pulled up the yellow water lilies and tied them in their wet hair.

The children walked along beside the river for a while. Hippopotamuses lay floating in the water, asleep in the sun. The children gave a great shout and woke up the river horses, as they called them. The animals opened their

big mouths—and the snorts, grunts, yawns! Thorn had never heard anything like it.

"What big teeth they have," he said.

"Yes, and just to eat grass," said another boy.

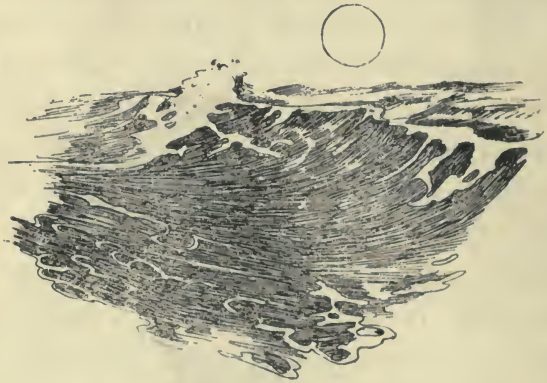
And soon some of the great rough things dived and came up with their mouths full of reeds.

A little farther along, Thorn saw beavers at work on the bank. They were carrying birch branches down to their homes beneath the little round mounds. And once in a while a water rat or snake swam across the river. Farther on, a flock of white swans floated. Their wings were raised a little, and their shadows floated with them.

The children stopped to watch them.

"Pretty!" they said. "Swans, and shadow swans!"

So laughing and playing and seeing strange and beautiful things, Thorn walked a long



way with the children. At last, far off, he saw a long purple line.

"That is the sea," Periwinkle told him.

When they came to it, there was a big blue water with no shore on the other side. It was beautiful, and Thorn shouted as he saw

the foam-capped waves roll in and break on the white sand.

Pointing to a place along the shore, the children said, "There is our home."

CHAPTER XII

AT THE HOME OF THE SHELL MOUND PEOPLE

Dogs barked and ran up and down the shore among the people. The children ran along to their home. They were not afraid of the dogs, but petted them. And the dogs jumped about the children and played with them and were glad to see them.

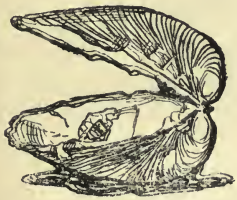
The people of the shell mounds did not look just like the cave people. They were shorter and had rounder heads. But their eyebrows hung over their eyes, as the cave people's did. And they dressed in skins.

Their houses were made of branches of trees and stones and mud. They were set high up on the shore where the waves could not reach them.

Thorn walked about with the children and saw a great pile of shells. It lay far along the shore and was higher than a man, and very wide.

"What are you going to do with all these shells?" he asked Periwinkle.

"Do with them?" laughed Periwinkle. "Why, nothing. We threw them away. They



show what good things we have had to eat, do they not, Foam?"

Foam was a girl with white teeth.

"Yes," said Foam, laughing. "They are shells of oysters and periwinkles that we have eaten."

"Um-m! what lots of them you have eaten!" said Thorn, looking over the big pile.

"Yes," said Periwinkle, with a laugh, "we live on them."

"But you see," Foam went on, "our people have lived here for a long time—longer than my grandfather can remember. And the shell mounds have been growing all that time. There are many other shell heaps all along this shore, where more of our people live."

Thorn looked down to the water's edge and saw men pulling hollow logs down to the shore.

"They are going fishing in the dug-outs," said Periwinkle. "Come on, we will go with them."

The boys ran down to the shore and jumped into a boat that the men had pushed out into the water. Then the men also jumped in, and paddled out with sticks.

"Why do you call these dug-outs?" asked Thorn, rubbing his hand along the side of the boat.

"Because they are dug-outs," laughed Periwinkle. "You will see them made some day."

"Well, why do they not turn over?" Thorn asked next.

"Because they are flat on the bottom."

The dug-outs kept together and went a little way out to sea. One man had a bone spear. He saw a fish lying on the bottom and speared it.

"Oh, it is a flounder," said Periwinkle.

"See, it is white on one side. It lies on that side. It is gray on the top side, and both the eyes are there."

Other men had long strings and bone hooks. They caught cod and herring.

When the boats were well filled with fish,

the men began to paddle home. But before they reached the shore, the sky turned gray, and the sea grew rough, for the wind blew hard.

"This is nothing," said Periwinkle, laughing, as he saw the whites of Thorn's eyes. "You should see it sometimes. The waves are as high as a hill! Then we do not go fishing, but we live on foxes or rabbits or bears or ducks, or anything that we can kill. When we get nothing by hunting, we kill the dogs."

"Do the big waves ever turn the dug-outs over?" Thorn asked, with white lips.

"Yes, but we all swim."

When the boats reached shore, the women stood waiting. They were glad when they saw the fish, and quickly took them out. Then they began to cook them.

One woman laid her fish on hot embers to cook. Another put big leaves around hers and buried them in the ashes. One cooked hers in still another way. She went to a hole in the

ground and lined it with a skin. She poured water into the hole and then put in hot stones until the water grew hot. Then she put in her fish.

When the fish were cooked, the women cut big pieces and gave them to their families.

The people took the fish in their hands and sat down on the sand and ate.

"Maybe you would like salt on your fish," said Foam to Thorn.

She took a little in her fingers and put it on his fish.

"That makes it taste better. Where do you get salt?"

"We burn sea-weed and get it."

When all the fish had been eaten, Periwinkle

called, "They are going to hack down a tree. Come on, if you want to see it."

As the boys ran through the woods, Thorn saw nothing but fir trees.

"Have you no trees but firs?" he asked.

"No, only firs—firs, little and big, as far as you can see."

The boys followed the sounds that rang through the woods. Soon they saw men busy about a tree. One man was hacking a ring

around it near the ground. When that was done, he hacked another ring above the first.

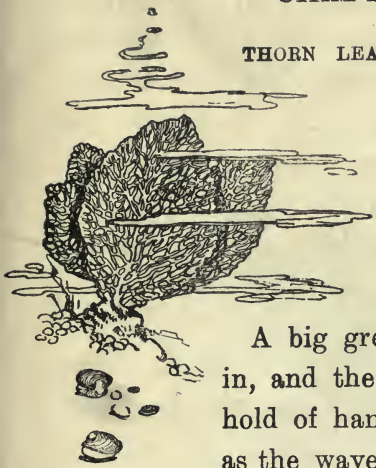
His stone axe did not cut deep. And the wood between the two rings stayed there; it did not fly off in chips. So both men began to beat the wood between the rings with the flat side of their axes. Around and around the tree they went, and beat the chips to get them loose. Then, with a piece of antler, they worked under the chips until they came off. After that they hacked again in the rings, and again beat the wood between, and worked off the chips.

"Oh, come and play in the sand," at last cried Periwinkle. "They will be days hacking down that tree."

The boys ran back to the shore and lay down in the warm sand. They saw the purple sea, and the sea birds flying, and heard the waves breaking on the beach.

CHAPTER XIII

THORN LEARNS TO SWIM



After a little the boys jumped up and ran into the water to play with the other children.

A big green wave came rolling in, and the children quickly took hold of hands. They jumped up as the wave broke over them. It knocked some of them down and stood Clam on his head. Somebody caught his feet, and the others all laughed. He came up angry and choking, when another wave caught him and rolled him over again. After that the boys came crowding around Thorn, waving their arms

"You must learn to swim," they cried. "It is easy. Make your arms go this way and your feet this way"; and they showed him how.

Thorn tried it and went straight to the bottom. The boys shouted with laughter.

"Here is a log," they said. "Put your arms over that. It will keep you up till you learn."

Thorn kept on trying, and in a few days he could swim a little.

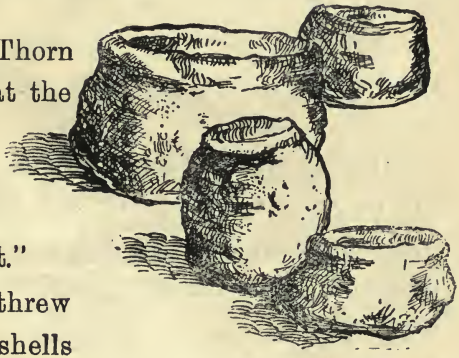
"You do very well," said Foam.

The next day, when the tide was out, the

boys waded in and picked up periwinkles and oysters, and threw them up on the beach.

When Periwinkle began to open his oysters, he took a brown bowl to put them in. Once, in breaking a shell, his stone knife struck the bowl and broke it.

"Too bad," he said. "Mother liked that bowl. She made it herself, of clay, and dried it by the fire."



"Of clay!" Thorn said, looking at the pieces wonderingly. "I never saw a bowl like that."

Periwinkle threw the oyster shells and pieces of broken bowl up on the shell heap. "We throw all such things in a heap," he said. "Then they are out of the way and will not cut our feet."

After working for days and days, the men

got the tree for the dug-out hacked down. Then they hacked off a log and dragged it down to the shore. Here they began to make the dug-out.

They built a fire all along the top of the log. It burned down slowly. The men watched the fire and kept putting on more sticks. If it burned too near the edge, they put on water or clay or wet moss to stop it.

"You see, they burn out only the middle of the log and leave good strong thick sides to the boat," said Periwinkle.

After the fire had burned some way down into the log, the men raked off the hot coals. The wood beneath was burned to charcoal. The men scraped it off with stone scrapers. Then they put on more fire and again burned the log.

"The fire will burn down faster, now that the charcoal is scraped off," said Periwinkle.

The men worked for a long time, burning and scraping away, burning and scraping,

until they had dug a little hollow all along the middle of the log.

Then one man said, "We have worked enough." And the men dropped their scrapers and went off.

The next day Thorn walked along the beach and picked up pretty shells.

"These are for the folks at home," he said to Periwinkle. "They will put them on the strings around their necks."

"Here is my bow," he went on, handing it to Periwinkle. "You may keep it. I can make another. I am going back to my grandfather's now."

Periwinkle and Clam and some of the men went part of the way with Thorn. They walked for a long time through fir forests and then came to the forests of oak and beech and ash and chestnut. Here Thorn left his friends, and waved his arm to them as he ran on to his grandfather's. The shell people went back to their home by the sea.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FEAST OF MAMMOTH'S MEAT

One morning after Thorn had come back to his grandfather's cave, he woke up with tears on his face.

While he lay asleep he had dreamed of the familiar home cave. He saw his mother and Pineknot and the baby sitting about the fire, just as they used to sit. And they were talking about him, saying that they wanted to see him. It all seemed very real as he awoke, and he wished very much that he could go home to see his dear ones.

The homesick boy went into the woods for comfort; he loved to watch the wild things going about. Not far off, he saw a herd of mammoths feeding. He never tired of looking

at the big hairy elephants with their turned-up tusks and long snaky trunks. They were reaching up for the tender leaves of the birch, or needles of the hemlock, and would carry the green stuff to their mouths with their trunks. Young ones with shaggy coats of woolly hair, were playing about their mothers or eating grass. Sometimes one of the big mothers would give her young one a bunch of leaves. Then she would rub it gently with her trunk, petting it.

The herd ate on toward the edge of the woods. Then, following a big mammoth, it left the forest and went toward a swamp.

Thorn slipped down from his tree and ran to another one on the edge of the woods, where he could get a better view. From here he saw the mammoths out in the swamp. Some were drinking, others were wallowing, and still others were throwing water over themselves with their trunks. After getting a thick coat of mud on their shaggy skins, the herd began to leave the swamp.

But one big mammoth did not leave with the others. He could not; he had gone far

out in the swamp. His feet sank in the soft mud; and when he tried to pull them out, he

found them stuck fast. Then he began to trumpet. At this the whole herd grew uneasy and turned back and walked round him, waving their trunks and trumpeting and throwing mud and water.

Thorn well knew that a mammoth stuck in the mud meant meat for the cave folks for many a day. So he lightly slid down the tree and ran to the stone yard with the news. The men there ran to the nearest caves with the word, and it was sent on from cave to cave.

The herd stayed with the trapped mammoth all day. But when night fell, the other mammoths slowly left him, often turning back to touch him with their trunks and to trumpet.

A crowd of cave men had already gathered, and were waiting in the woods until the herd should leave. They now made fires around the mammoth to keep off the wolves and hyenas that had already begun to skulk about. And then they killed the mammoth with their spears.

As the sun rose next morning, Thorn and his grandfather and grandmother went over to the swamp. The cave people soon began to come in from all the caves round about in the hill country. They came in little crowds, laughing and talking very loud. They were happy, for there was plenty to eat and somebody to eat with. As they came up, thev

stood for a long time looking at the mammoth and talking about his immense size. And some told of other mammoths that had got stuck in swamps and of how they had found them.

Thorn sat down on the side of a hill and watched the people coming. The arms and

faces of the men and women were painted in stripes of red or yellow. All the cave men that Thorn knew were there, and many that he did not know. Before long his own family came.

Soon after that the men began to cut great pieces of meat from the mammoth. They gave them to the women to roast. The women made fires and put stones in them to get hot. They dug holes in the ground and rolled into them some of the hot stones. Next they threw meat upon the hot stones and rolled more hot stones upon it. Then they covered the holes with earth and built fires upon them. While the meat was roasting, the women went over to watch the men playing.

The men were talking together in a crowd. A man named Crowfoot stood out and shouted, "I can climb a tree faster than any man here!"

"No, no!" shouted five or six men who jumped up and ran to trees.

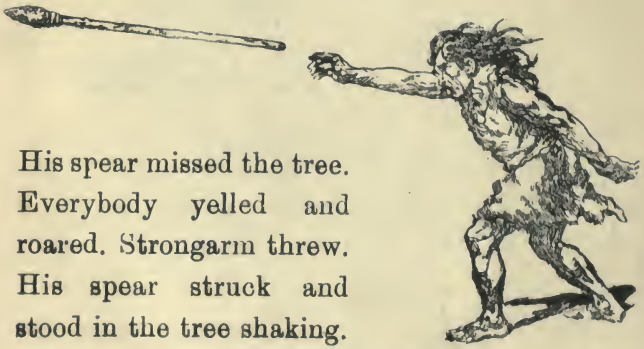
"Go!" called a man.

They all jumped as high as they could and then climbed very fast, hand over hand, feet and legs pushing as if a wounded bear were after them. Crowfoot reached the top first.

Everybody shouted, "Crowfoot! Crowfoot!"

Then a man with big arms stood out and said, "I am best man in throwing the spear!"

A dozen men snatched spears and ran out. Everybody stood where he could see. The men with spears stood far back from a tree. One threw. His spear struck the tree, but fell. Everybody laughed. The next man threw.



His spear missed the tree. Everybody yelled and roared. Strongarm threw. His spear struck and stood in the tree shaking.

"Strongarm!" shouted the people.

Other men threw, whose spears stood in the tree. Then those men ran and pulled out their spears and stood farther back and threw again. Each man threw many times. Strongarm's spear stood oftenest in the tree from the longest distance.

"Strongarm's eye is best!" the others shouted. "His arm is strongest!"

After that a young man cried, "I have flying feet! Who will run with me!"

"I will!"

"I will!"

And young men ran out and stood beside him, and all the people watched.

The race started. The young men ran lightly, like deer. They skimmed the ground like swallows. Some of them ran all the way side by side, and came in together dripping and panting.

The people clapped their hands and said, laughing, "They are good cave men; they can both fight and run away."

By this time the meat was roasted. The women pulled it from the holes with long sticks, and the people took great pieces in their hands and ate them, and then took more.

"Mammoth meat is good and juicy," one man said.

"Yes," said another, "but not so tender as horse or reindeer meat."

After eating all they wanted, Thorn and Pineknot and old Hickory's children and some of the other children went off to play. They pretended that they were grown up ; and Thorn fought with the other little hunters and caught and carried off a wife, and played living with her and their children in a cave.

The men ate for a long time, but at last they had enough. Then they began to break up the husks of the mammoth, and they gave a piece to each man who had helped to kill the animal.

"To wear on your necklace," they said.

And they gave a piece to Thorn because he had found the mammoth in the swamp. Strong-

arm looked at him proudly then, and the boy stood straight and tall and held his head high.

A man standing near him snatched at the piece of tusk, but Strongarm shouted, "Get off!" and scowled and shook his fist.

The man grew angry and raised his stone axe. Strongarm snatched his, and in a minute there was a clash of stone axes. The other men stood around and watched. They loved a good fight. Before long Strongarm's axe crashed down on the man's head, and he fell over and lay still. The others looked at him, and then went on breaking up the tusks.

After that every man grew busy, and began to cut as much meat from the big bones of the mammoth as he could carry. One bone was all cut bare. Three men standing near it whispered together. Then they lifted the bone and carried it toward a man who could not make axes, and was too lazy to hunt. They set it down before him.

"This is your prize," they said, without a smile.

Everybody was looking.

The man turned red and snatched a spear. But the other men laughed and ran away. And everybody laughed.

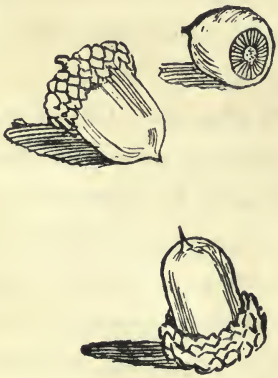
Then the people started homeward, carrying the mammoth meat. Thorn said good-bye to his grandfather for a while and went home with his mother. Old Hickory and his family went along with Strongarm and his family, and the children ran along through the bushes beside the track.

When they reached the cave, Thorn told Pineknot all over again about the mammoth. And he scratched a picture on the piece of tusk to show him. Holding up the picture he said, "This is the way the angry mammoth looked. His mouth was open, and his trunk was up. When still a long way off, the men heard him trumpeting."

Then Thorn made another picture of the mammoth. In it he showed the big body with the long hair, and the turned-up tusks,

the long trunk, the small eyes, and the shaggy ears.

Thorn was very happy that evening, as he sat in his old place by the fire. Pineknot sat beside him, and Wow wow lay at his feet.



CHAPTER XV

A NEW CAVE AND A BEAR HUNT

One day soon after this, Thorn and Pineknot were sitting up in an oak tree. They had gathered some ripe nuts, and they were cracking the nuts with their strong teeth and eating the sweet kernels. Wow wow was scratching and barking at the root of the tree.

"While you were away," said Pineknot, "I went out one day by myself. I found a new cave that we have never been in before."

"Did you go into the cave?" asked Thorn.

"Yes, I went in a little way, but it was very dark, so I didn't go any further. I thought there might be bears in the cave. Father told us there were once bears in our cave!"

"We'll go to the cave and see," said Thorn. "We will take our axes and our spears."

They marched through the forest to the glen where Pineknot had found the cave. The cave was in the rocks at one side of the glen. Ivy and brambles had grown over the mouth of the cave, so that it was hard to see the way in.

The boys crept to the entrance and peeped in. They could see nothing but darkness inside. They listened, but they could not hear any sound. They walked a little way into the cave, but it was so dark and silent that they were afraid.

"We will go away now," said Thorn. "Tomorrow we will come back and make a fire outside. Then we can have torches and see what the cave is like, and make it our own cave. It shall be a secret."

"Yes," said Pineknot, "it shall be our own secret, and no one else shall know."

So on the next day they gathered plenty of dry sticks for firewood, and they got some burning fuel from the fire at home and set off to their cave again. They made a big fire

among the rocks outside, and then collected more sticks to keep it burning. They got branches of pine, too, for torches.

At last they were ready.

"You take a torch in your left hand," said Thorn, "and your spear in your right. I will have the other torch in my left hand and my axe in my right."

"Yes," said Pineknot. "But if there are bears, we must run. Not even father can kill bears in a cave."

"There aren't any bears in that cave," said Thorn.

They pushed aside the hanging roots and branches, and went into the cave. There was an old fox inside, but he slunk away out of sight, and the boys did not see him.

"I smell fox," said Pineknot.

"Never mind a fox," said Thorn, "he won't want to fight us."

They went on into the cave. It was clean and dry, and there was plenty of room, except

for some fallen rocks and stones that blocked it up in places.

"Yes," said Thorn. "This shall be our cave. We can come here whenever we like,

and no one will know. More than that, we will gather a store of nuts and things here, and when we are hungry, or when we don't want to be bothered, we can come here and lie quiet."

One day they came to their cave to cook a pigeon that Thorn had shot. They saw something moving inside the cave. They looked for tracks. The tracks had great claw-marks. They knew that these were the tracks of a bear. The bear was inside the cave searching for the boys' store of food. The boys turned and ran. After a while they stopped.

"The men will laugh if they see us running," said Thorn.

"Let us go home and tell father," said Pineknot; "then he and the others can come and kill the bear." So they ran home.

When Strongarm heard the news, he grunted and said:

"Do you think we are going to tackle your bear in the open like that? No, no! We might get him in a pit-fall, perhaps, if he isn't

too clever; but not in that cave." However, some of the other men, when they heard about it, were willing to try.

"A feast of bear meat is good," said one.

"Bear's paws roasted in the hot ashes are a feast indeed!" said another.

"But his heart isn't like a lion's heart," said another. "It makes you brave to eat a lion's heart."

"Not roasted, though," said another.

"No, no! not roasted!" they all cried out. "You must eat the lion's heart raw to make you brave!"

So they got their spears and clubs and axes, and they set off to the cave. They did not crowd all together, but spread out and went slowly and carefully, creeping among the rocks and bushes.

But the bear had left the cave. He was lurking in the bushes, and when one of the hunters came near to the place where he lay, the bear reared himself up on his hind legs and

shewed his great teeth and growled. The hunters gathered round, skulking behind the

rocks; but they dared not close in on the great beast. Strongarm crept round a rock, and climbed up and hurled his spear from behind.

It struck the bear behind his shoulder and pierced his tough hide. The bear turned round and began to clamber up the rocks. Then one man, called Blacktooth, hurled his spear and struck the bear in the back; but his throw was not so good as Strongarm's, and the spear fell off on to the rock and chipped off its point. The bear roared and climbed after Strongarm, who slipped down from the rocks to get away. Then all the other men followed up, shouting and yelling. They hurled spears at the bear, but they could not stop him. Strongarm had to run for his life, dodging among the rocks. The bear clambered after him with the spear trailing from his shoulder and the blood streaming down. The other men had hurled their spears and could not help. Two or three of the bravest dodged in among the rocks and got their spears back; but they could not stop the bear.

"Run for your life," they shouted. "He is calling out for the other bears!" They all ran

their hardest, until at last they came to the river and swam across and got safely home again.

"That was a near thing," said Strongarm. "He was the biggest bear I have ever seen in my life!"

"But he will die, won't he," Pineknot asked, "with that spear stuck into him?"

"No, he won't die," said Strongarm. "His brother-bears will bite out the spear-head and lick the wound, and it will heal up again. The pity is that I have lost my best spear!"

CHAPTER XVI

A DEER HUNT IN THE SNOW. THE END

When the winter time came on, Thorn and Pineknot went out hunting with Strongarm. They were glad to go on a real hunt with their father. They took their spears and axes, and Thorn had his bow and arrows.

They saw the tracks of animals in the snow.

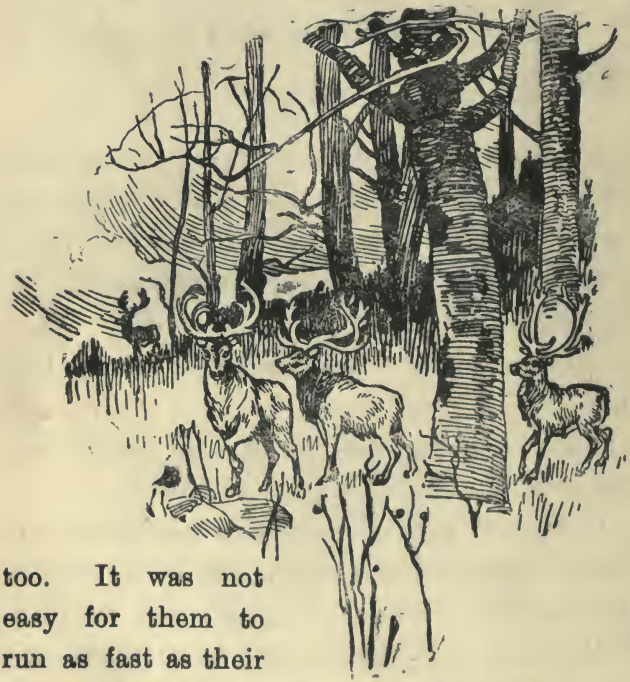
"See," said Strongarm, "a deer has passed this way, hunted by a pack of wolves."

They saw how the snow was marked in long, deep hoof-marks where the flying feet of the stag had kicked it up, and how the feet of the pack could be counted by scores alongside.

They followed the tracks. Soon they saw

blood-marks on the snow, in drops and smears. "See," said Strongarm, "the foremost wolves have bitten him on the flank."

Strongarm began to run, and the boys ran



too. It was not easy for them to run as fast as their father, so he began to go at a slower pace. They trotted beside him until they came near

the forest. It was a dark forest with big trees that looked bare and black against the snow. Suddenly Strongarm stopped.

"Listen," he said. "What do you hear?"

"I hear wolves snarling and growling," said Pineknot.

Then they ran again, and this time Strongarm did not slacken his pace. He ran ahead of the boys, but they kept him in sight, and ran as fast as they could.

Soon they saw him stop and beckon. He ran towards them.

"It is too late," he said, "the wolves have pulled him down, and if we had gone on we should have been torn in pieces as he has been by now.

"But if he had got away from them we might have driven him to death and killed him ourselves."

They went home hungry that night, and Burr had only some scraps of gristly meat for their supper.

On the next day when they awoke, there was nothing for breakfast.

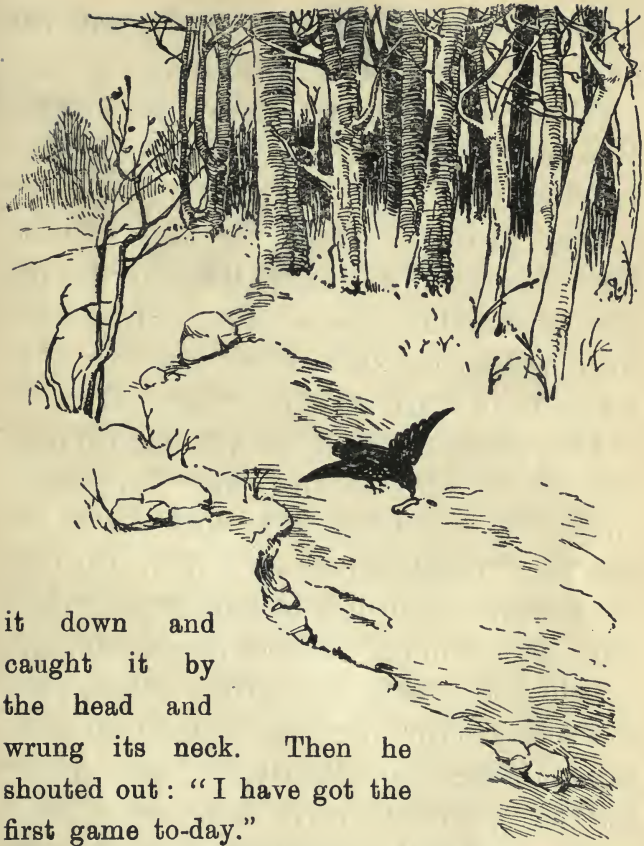
"You must do better to-day," said Burr, "or else we shall call you very bad hunters."

"All hunters are unlucky sometimes," said Strongarm.

"Yes," said Thorn, "all hunters have bad luck sometimes."

They went off again, taking their spears and axes as before. Blacktooth and another man, called Thistle, went with them. They went towards the forest through the deep snow.

Thorn had his bow and arrow ready. As they walked along under the trees, he spied a raven that was pecking at a bone that lay upon the snow, near where the wolves had picked the bones of the deer. Thorn crept along from tree to tree, until he got near enough to shoot. Then he let fly and hit the raven on the back. It fluttered along, for it could not fly away. Thorn ran after it. It turned and pecked at his spear, but he knocked



it down and caught it by the head and wrung its neck. Then he shouted out: "I have got the first game to-day."

"Yes," said Strongarm, "you have got the first game; and we are hungry and must eat

what we can get. But I hope it will not bring us bad luck to kill the raven. He is a cunning bird. But we must live; and at least he will make a supper for your mother and Honey."

They went on through the forest. Soon they came to a place where the snow was not deep because the forest was thick. They spied some deer among the trees. The deer were eating moss which grew under the trees.

Then Strongarm went one way, dodging from one tree trunk to another, and Thorn went another way and Pineknot another, and Blacktooth and Thistle spread out, too, so that they got all round the little herd without being seen. They worked inward, moving very quickly and quietly from tree to tree. Then at last, when the wind brought the scent of the hunters to the deer, and they raised their heads to sniff the breeze, the little party set up a loud shout and ran in at full speed upon the herd. The deer started to run, but they were taken by

surprise and dashed into one another. Strongarm hurled his spear with all his skill and strength, and pierced one fine deer through the heart, and Blacktooth killed another. So they had plenty of meat to carry home and their wives and children were glad to see them when they got back, singing at the top of their voices.

* * * * * * * *

It would not be easy to tell all the adventures which Thorn and Pineknot had together while they were boys. But after they had once gone hunting with their father and the other men, they gave up childish games and became hunters in earnest. They learned to do all the things that the men did, and to throw a spear as heavy as Strongarm's spear, and to climb trees as fast as Crowfoot, and to fight as well as any man. And they gave up playing at living in a cave, each one with a girl playmate to play at being his wife, because they really were grown up. They

each took a wife; but in order to get her, each had to fight with the other men who wanted her, and at last to drag her away to a cave. But as soon as each one had got his wife to his cave, there was no more fighting and struggling. Thorn and Pineknot were now men and very brave men too, and very skilful hunters. No one ever dared to give them a bare bone to be their share of the meat when a mammoth, or a great ox, or a deer was killed in the hunting. They were always able to bring home game when they went out into the woods, so that they and their wives and children lived happily all their days.

APPENDIX

If you should cross the narrow water that washes the south-east coast of Britain, you would come to a beautiful country called France. Here grow the olive, the orange, and the grape; and the mulberry, on which the silk-worm feeds. But it is not with these that we have to do to-day, but with some strange old things that once lay buried far below the soil in which they grow.

About seventy years ago, a man in that country who sold sand and gravel found that his own gravel pits were worked out. He went to the banks of a river—the river Somme—near by, and found a good gravel bed, which he began to cut down and cart off to sell. He dug away at the hill for months and got far below the top of the ground. Then one day

his spade struck something hard; he dug it out and saw that it was a very large bone.

"That is a queer bone," he said to himself. "I wonder what animal it belonged to. It is too big to have been the bone of a horse or a cow. It is big enough to have belonged to an elephant. Well, no matter what it came from," he said, throwing it aside, "it is neither sand nor gravel, so it is nothing to me."

As he dug on, he threw out some rudely shaped stones.

"These are queer, too," he said, "but they will not sell for gravel." And away went the stones from his shovel.

That evening a learned man from Paris, the most important city of France, was walking beside the river and looking at the sunset clouds in sky and water.

There in the pit lay the big bones. He saw them. Forgotten were clouds and sky! He knew that he was looking at the bones of some animal long since gone from the earth! For

years after that, he watched the work in the gravel pits and carried away any bones and shaped stones that were dug out. He studied them and found that some of the bones were those of the mammoth, and that there were bones of the rhinoceros too.

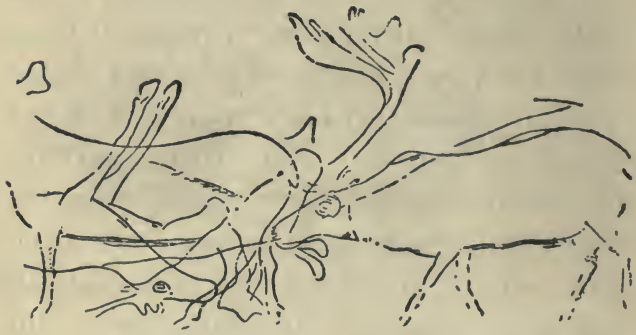
At last he showed the bones and the stones to the learned men in Paris, and said, "These stones are very old; they are as old as the ground in which they lay. They were shaped by men who knew very little and had very little, and who used them for weapons. Near the stone weapons were these bones of the mammoth and the rhinoceros. So those animals lived at the time the men did, and in this country."

The learned men listened, but did not believe what he said.

A few years after that, however,—about twenty years,—other shaped stones were found on the banks of the river that flows by the great city of London, the capital of our own

country. And in Denmark, a country north of France, still more shaped stones were found, and, with them, bones of the reindeer.

Then the learned men had to believe that men who shaped stones once lived in England



PICTURE OF REINDEER, SCRATCHED ON SLATE; FOUND IN A CAVE IN FRANCE

and France and Denmark; and that at the same time lived the mammoth, the rhinoceros, and the reindeer; and that the men had very little and knew very little, and made the shaped stones for weapons.

Soon after this, chipped stones were found all the world over. More than that, there were people living who still were chipping them. The Eskimo, who live in the frozen north, make their weapons of stone.

ESKIMO BY THEIR WINTER HUTS; DRAWN BY AN ESKIMO

So you see that by the Age of Stone is meant a time when the metals—tin and copper and iron—were not known; and when stone, horn, bone, shell, and wood were used for tools and weapons. The cave men were in the Stone Age long ago. The Eskimo are in the Stone Age now.

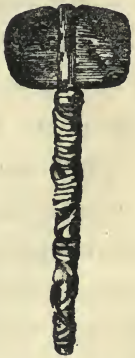
And the people of the shell mounds—how do we know about them? In Denmark to-day you may see shell mounds. They are the old hunting and fishing villages. They are of different sizes; some are a quarter of a mile long and half as wide. They are built up of things that the hunters and fishermen threw away: oyster and mussel and periwinkle shells; bones of the wolf, the hyena, the dog; of wild duck, swan, and grouse; of cod, herring, flounder, and other deep-sea fish. Many of the bones had been split open for the purpose of extracting the marrow. Besides bones, there are also pieces of burnt wood; and there is sea plant, which may have given salt.

A BONE AWL; FOUND IN A CAVE IN ENGLAND

The stone tools and weapons found in the heaps are axes, knives, hammers, awls, lance heads, and sling stones—all of rude make. There are also bits of rude pottery, which show that these men knew a little more than the cave men; they knew how to bake clay. They were ahead of the cave men also in having one tamed animal—the dog. No bones were found of any tamed animal except the dog, and this seems to show that it was the earliest animal tamed by man.

A STONE ARROW HEAD

Mounds like those in Denmark are found in many other countries; in our own land; in America, the land of the red man; in Africa, the land of the black man; and in Asia, where the brown man lives. Wherever



A STONE AXE

man has led a wandering life, eating fish and leaving their bones behind him, these heaps are found; and they are always by the sea or by a river.

At the time when the cave men and the shell men lived, the earth looked much as it looks now, as far as hills and rivers and trees and grass could make it. The earth had its seasons—its spring and summer, its autumn and winter. Then, as now, the forests dropped their leaves in autumn. Many leaves of oak, maple, poplar, and other trees fell upon clayey soil and left their imprints; and the clay afterwards turned to stone, and the imprints show us that the forests of the cave men were like our own.

The insects, too, were the same as those of our own fields. We know this because the gum flowed down the pine trees then as now; and ants, crickets, butterflies, grasshoppers, and spiders visiting the tree were held and covered. The gum turned to stone and made the amber

of a later time and kept the insects within it unchanged, and there within the amber we see the insects that the cave men knew.

The animals, also, were much the same as those of our own time. It seems strange to us that at that time the reindeer and the mammoth should have lived in the same country; because the reindeer of our time lives in a cold country, and the elephant, which is like the mammoth, lives in a hot country. But before the time of the cave men, it was warm in England and France, and the mammoth went to live there then. Afterwards, it became colder; but the mammoth liked it there, so he grew himself a coat of thick woolly hair to keep out the cold and stayed, while the reindeer lived there only in winter and went northward in summer.

We know that the mammoth had this heavy coat of wool because, in the cold country of Siberia, some time since, there was a mammoth thawed out of the ice; and also because the cave men have left a drawing that pictures

the long hair. It was about a hundred years ago, when a fisherman on the frozen Lena River saw an iceberg of odd shape. Two years later, he saw the tusks of a mammoth standing out

DRAWING OF A MAMMOTH, ON A PIECE OF A MAMMOTH TUSK; FOUND IN A CAVE IN FRANCE

from it. And five years after that, all the ice had melted from around it, and the big body of the mammoth lay upon the sand. There was a flowing mane on the neck, and the body was covered with reddish wool and long black hair. The people about the country there cut up the flesh as food for their dogs, and the

bones and tusks were sent to the museum in St. Petersburg.

Thousands of teeth and tusks of mammoths have been brought up by the nets of fishermen in the North Sea, that washes our coast. And whole islands along that coast are made up of nothing but ice and sand and the teeth and tusks of mammoths. During every storm, pieces of this old ivory are washed loose and cast ashore ; and the fishermen sell them.

It is thought that what is now the North Sea was, at the time the elephants lived there, a swamp in which the animals went to drink and bathe, and in which, at times, they were swallowed ; and that this is why so many of their bones are found along that coast.

Mammoths were very like big elephants, with tusks that turned up. There are none on earth now. Neither are there any cave tigers. And the two-horned rhinoceros has gone, and the great snowy owl.

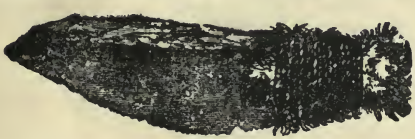
Caverns and rock shelters in which men of

the Stone Age lived have been found in many places in our own country and in other lands. But caves are few, even in limestone countries; and these early, stone-chipping men lived the world over. So, in the open places and in forests among wild beasts, they must have dug pits for safety or made rude huts of earth or branches.

In caverns there have been more bones of the horse and reindeer found than of any other animals; and this shows that the early hunters did best in killing these animals. Few bones of mammoths have been found there; but that is because those bones were mostly too heavy for the cave people to carry away. It is likely that the flesh was eaten on the spot where the animal was killed.

Up to a short time ago, on the island of Tasmania, near Australia, there lived a people more nearly like the cave men than any people we know about. Their weapons were made of limestone and were without handles, because

they did not know how to fix handles to them. Their boat was a raft of bark bundles and was pushed by a pole. They lived under shelters made of boughs, and made fire by twirling a stick on a piece of soft wood. They drew rude pictures on bark; and they were quick and cunning about hunting, but knew little more. They believed that the shadow of a thing was its other self—the self that travelled in dreams and that lived after the body died; and that the echo was the talking shadow. Like the cave men, these people were hunters, without any tamed animal to help them.



A FLINT KNIFE; FOUND IN AUSTRALIA

All early peoples made their songs by singing over and over a line or two. And into these words they put what they were thinking most about, or hoping for. They believed that the whispered wish went into the thing they sang

to, and helped to bring about the thing they hoped for. So the old axe maker, in time to his chipping, sang over and over to the arrow head:

"I give you the eye of the eagle,
To find the rabbit's heart.
I give you the eye of the eagle,
To find the rabbit's heart."

And the mother sang to the child:

"Though a baby,
Soon a-hunting after berries
Will be going."

Early men believed that since they themselves were alive and moved, all other things that moved were also alive, and had feelings and likes and dislikes as men had. The rustling leaves, the waving grass, a rolling stone, a drifting cloud, the rising moon—all were to them alive, and many of them were to be feared.

The speech of the cave and the shell men was made up of a few words, and the meaning was helped out by motions of the hands and body.

They knew little outside of their forest life, and probably could not count beyond three. But the power to grow was in them, and from such rude beginnings came the men who built the cities of London and Paris.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

THE teacher who wishes to make the most of this work will take the class to visit a museum, if a museum is available; or, if not, will do what can be done to show the class actual specimens of the things described in the story.

In a museum, primitive implements should be observed, and also specimens of animals and birds. Pictures of caves would prove of considerable assistance; pieces of stalactites, stalagmites, of limestone, quartz, and flint would be of value, either seen in the museum or, better still, looked at and handled in the classroom as the story is read. A tendon procured from the butcher and dried for a few weeks and then pulled to pieces would show primitive thread.

Out of doors, a limestone cliff showing stratification would be the best kind of illustration to explain both the formation of caves and the gradual burying and preservation of animal bones and other primitive relics.

In the schoolroom, again, on a large stand might be made a model of a hilly country. A cave could be

shown, shaped of two upright stones and a crosspiece, the whole covered with sods and earth; and animals and men might be made of paper or of clay.

Various scenes from the story are adapted to dramatization; for instance, the visit of the cave bear, the making of fire, work in the stone yard, or the feast of mammoth's meat.

For those who wish to read further in a subject so suggestive along the lines, not only of social life, but of history, geography, and nature study, the following books will be full of interest:

The Story of Primitive Man. *Clodd.* (If only one book on the subject is to be purchased, this is the most valuable for the price.)

Early Man in Britain. *Boyd Dawkins.*

Cave Hunting. *Boyd Dawkins.*

Ancient Stone Implements. *Evans.*

Primitive Man. *Figuier.*

The Origin of Inventions. *Mason.*

Woman's Share in Primitive Culture. *Mason.*

Some First Steps in Primitive Culture. *Starr.*

Myths and Dreams. *Clodd.*

Primitive Culture. *Tylor.*

Prehistoric Times. *Lubbock.*

Animals of the Past. *Lucas.*

The Beginnings of Art. *Grosse.*

Prehistoric Europe. *Geikie.*

Materiaux. *Massenet.*

Phases of Animal Life, Past and Present. *Lydekker.*

Royal Natural History. *Lydekker.*

Ancient Quarry Sites. *Holmes.*

The Language of Palæolithic Man. *Brinton.*

Ancient Society. *Morgan.*

The Descent of Man. *Darwin.*

The Voyage of the *Vega*. *Nordenskjöld.*

The Story of Ab. *Waterloo.*

Industrial and Social History Series

By KATHARINE E. DOPP, Ph.D.

I. THE TREE-DWELLERS. *The Age of Fear*

Illustrated with 76 drawings in half-tone. Limp cloth, large crown 8vo, 128 pages. 2s. 3d. net. Prize Edition, 3s. 6d. net.

This volume makes clear to the child how people lived before they had fire, how and why they conquered it, and the changes wrought in society by its use. The simple activities of gathering food, of weaving, building, taming fire, making use of tools and weapons, wearing trophies, and securing co-operative action by means of rhythmic dances, are here shown to be the simple forms of processes which still minister to our daily needs.

II. THE EARLY CAVE-MEN. *The Age of Combat*

Illustrated with 75 drawings in half-tone. Limp cloth, large crown 8vo, 160 pages. 2s. 6d. net. Prize Edition, 3s. 6d. net.

In this volume the child is helped to realize that it is not only necessary to know how to use fire, but to know how to make it. Protection from the cold winters, which characterize the age described, is sought first in caves; but fire is a necessary means of defending the caves.

III. THE LATER CAVE-MEN. *The Age of the Chase*

Illustrated with 110 drawings in half-tone. Limp cloth, large crown 8vo, 180 pages. 2s. 6d. net. Prize Edition, 3s. 6d. net.

Here is portrayed the influence of man's presence upon wild animals. Man's fear which, with the conquest of fire, gave way to courage, has resulted in his mastery of many mechanical appliances and in the development of social co-operation, which so increases his power as to make him an object of fear to the wild animals. The way in which man's cunning finds expression in traps, pitfalls, and in the evolution of the bow and arrow, and, finally, in a remarkable manifestation of art, is made evident in these pages.

IV. THE EARLY SEA PEOPLE. *The Fishing Men*

With many illustrations by HOWARD V. BROWN. Limp cloth, large crown 8vo. Part I, 116 pages, 2s. net. Part II, 108 pages, 2s. net. Prize Edition, in One Volume, 4s. 6d. net.

In the story of *The Early Sea People* are embodied the stirring and inspiring elements of the old myths and tales of fairy princes, yet it is really a chronicle of our prehistoric ancestors based on the most authentic knowledge of them obtainable.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

Upon the Use of the above Four Books of the Industrial and Social History Series. Crown 8vo, 136 pages. Price 3s. 6d. net.

Special Prospectus with Specimen Pages and Illustrations will be sent, post free, upon application

Told Through the Ages

A notable series. Each volume contains 256 pages of letterpress and 8 to 16 Full-Page Illustrations, including reproductions from the best works of Lord Leighton, Sir E. Burne-Jones, G. F. Watts, D. G. Rossetti, Sir John Gilbert, Sir W. B. Richmond, Hon. John Collier, and other famous English and Continental artists. Size 7½ × 5¼ inches. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net. Quarter leather, a very tasteful binding, 5s. net. (Nos. 37, 38, 40, and 44 are not available in the leather style.)

1. **Legends of Greece and Rome.**
2. **Favourite Greek Myths.**
3. **Stories of Robin Hood and his Merry Outlaws.**
4. **Stories of King Arthur and his Knights.** Retold from Malory.
5. **Stories from Herodotus.**
6. **Stories from Wagner.**
7. **Britain Long Ago.** Stories from Old English and Celtic Sources.
8. **Stories from Scottish History.** Selected from Scott.
9. **Stories from Greek Tragedy.**
10. **Stories from Dickens.**
11. **Stories from the Earthly Paradise.** Retold from Wm. Morris.
12. **Stories from the Æneid**
13. **The Book of Rustem.** Stories of Persian Heroes.
14. **Stories from Chaucer.**
15. **Stories from the Old Testament.**
16. **Stories from the Odyssey.**
17. **Stories from the Iliad.**
18. **Told by the Northmen.** Retold from the Eddas and Sagas.
19. **Stories from Don Quixote.**
20. **The Story of Roland and the Peers of Charlemagne.**
21. **Stories from Thucydides.**
22. **The Story of Hereward.**
23. **Stories from the Faerie Queene.**
24. **Cuchulain: The Hound of Ulster.**
25. **Stories from Xenophon.**
26. **Old Greek Nature Stories.**
27. **Stories from Shakespeare.**
28. **Stories from Dante.**
29. **Famous Voyages of the Great Discoverers.**
30. **The Story of Napoleon.**
31. **Stories of Pendennis and the Charterhouse.**
32. **Sir Guy of Warwick.**
33. **Heroes of the Middle Ages.**
34. **The Story of the Crusades.**
35. **The Story of Nelson.**
36. **Stories from George Eliot.**
37. **The Boys' Froissart.**
38. **Shakespeare's Stories of the English Kings.**
39. **Heroes of Modern Europe.**
40. **The Story of King Robert the Bruce.**
41. **Stories of the Scottish Border.**
42. **The Story of the French Revolution.**
43. **The Story of Wellington.**
44. **Stories from French History**
45. **The Story of Lord Roberts**

All-Time Tales

All the features that have made "Told Through the Ages" so popular will be found in this cheaper Series.

Each volume contains from 128 to 176 pages of Letterpress and at least eight Full-Page Line Illustrations. The type is clear and pleasing. Size 7½ × 5 inches. School Edition, limp cloth, prices as below. Prize Edition, cloth boards, with colour inset, and with Frontispiece in Colour, 2s. 6d. net.

Each 128 *pages*, 1*s.* 3*d. net*

1. **Old Celtic Tales.**
2. **Northland Heroes.**
3. **The Story of Siegfried.**
4. **The Argonauts.** From Kingsley's *Heroes.*
5. **Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, Book One.**
6. **Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, Book Two.**
7. **Tales from Dickens.**
8. **Tales of Wallace and Bruce.**
9. **Tales from Malory.**
10. **Heroes of Old Britain.**
11. **Ivanhoe.** Abridged from Scott.
12. **Sir Gawain and the Green Knight.**
13. **Tales and Legends of Scotland.**
14. **Warrior Saints.**

Each 160–176 *pages*, 1*s.* 6*d. net*

1. **Tales from the Eddas.**
2. **Tales from Chaucer.**
3. **Tales of Early England.**
4. **Fables and Nursery Tales.**
5. **A Book of Nature Myths.**
6. **The Wonderful Voyages of Gulliver.**
7. **The Adventures of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid.**
8. **The Adventures of Deerslayer.** From Fenimore Cooper.
9. **Gisli the Outlaw.**
10. **Old Greek Folk Stories.**
11. **Tales from William Morris.**
12. **Northland Sagas.**
13. **Tales from the Kalevala.**
14. **Fairy Tales and Story Poems.**
15. **The Last of the Mohicans.** From Fenimore Cooper
16. **A Hero of Old France.** The Story of Roland.
17. **More Nature Myths.**
18. **Bevis of Hampton.**
19. **Heroes of Welsh History.**
20. **Robin Hood.**

Heroes of All Time

THE purpose of this series is to provide a large representative selection of biographies, written in good, simple English, in which stress is placed upon those features which appeal to younger readers and may be expected to impress them and help in the formation of character.

Each volume contains 192 pages letterpress, printed in pleasant and readable type, and nine Full-Page Illustrations. Size $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5$ in. School Edition, 2s. net. Prize Edition, cloth extra, with Frontispiece in Colour, 3s. 6d. net. Half Leather, 5s. net.

VOLUMES READY

1. **MOHAMMED.** By EDITH HOLLAND.
2. **ALEXANDER THE GREAT.** By ADA RUSSELL, M.A.
3. **AUGUSTUS.** By RENÉ FRANCIS, B.A.
4. **ALFRED THE GREAT.** By A. E. MCKILLIAM, M.A.
5. **THOMAS BECKET.** By SUSAN CUNNINGTON.
6. **JEANNE D'ARC.** By E. M. WILMOT-BUXTON, F.R.Hist.S.
7. **SIR WALTER RALEIGH.** By BEATRICE MARSHALL.
8. **WILLIAM THE SILENT.** By A. M. MIALL.
9. **MARIE ANTOINETTE.** By ALICE BIRKHEAD, B.A.
10. **BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS.** By F. J. SNELL.
11. **OLIVER CROMWELL.** By ESTELLE ROSS.
12. **PETER THE GREAT.** By A. BIRKHEAD, B.A.
13. **THE GIRLHOOD OF FAMOUS WOMEN.** By F. J. SNELL.
14. **GARIBALDI AND HIS RED-SHIRTS.** By F. J. SNELL.
15. **ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.** By AMY CRUSE.
16. **QUEEN VICTORIA.** By E. GORDON BROWNE, M.A.
17. **ANSELM.** By E. M. WILMOT-BUXTON, F.R.Hist.S.
18. **SIR WALTER SCOTT.** By AMY CRUSE.
19. **WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.** By RENÉ FRANCIS, B.A.
20. **JULIUS CAESAR.** By ADA RUSSELL, M.A.
21. **BUDDHA.** By EDITH HOLLAND.
22. **QUEEN ELIZABETH.** By BEATRICE MARSHALL.
23. **WARWICK THE KING-MAKER.** By RENÉ FRANCIS, B.A.
24. **ABRAHAM LINCOLN.** By EDITH L. ELIAS, M.A.
25. **WILLIAM CAXTON.** By SUSAN CUNNINGTON.
26. **CARDINAL WOLSEY.** By RENÉ FRANCIS, B.A.
27. **CHARLES THE FIRST.** By A. E. MCKILLIAM, M.A.
28. **GEORGE WASHINGTON.** By ADA RUSSELL, M.A.
29. **GEORGE STEPHENSON.** By RUTH MAXWELL.

Further Volumes in Active Preparation

LE
M1527c

157093

McIntyre, Margaret A.
The cave boy of the age of stone.

DATE	NAME OF BORROWER

University of Toronto
Library

DO NOT
REMOVE
THE
CARD
FROM
THIS
POCKET

Acme Library Card Pocket
LOWE-MARTIN CO. LIMITED